A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Thurſday, July 11. 1706.

TWO Sorts of People ſpeak plain Truth, and ſcorn to flatter, *Viz.* Thoſe, who being above common Reſentments, are not aw'd by the Power or Intereſts of Perſons or things; and thoſe, who at the bottom of Fortune's deepeſt Abyſs, lie in the Dungeon of Miſchief, and can ſink no lower.

Which of theſe Sorts I pretend to rank with, any Man may judge; but let it be which way it will, it entitles me to a good reaſon, for what I have always aſſum'd as Part of my Character; that I dare ſpeak Truth, let the Conſequence be what it will, and that all Manner and Kinds of Truth, let them regard, what Affairs, Perſons, Times and Circumſtances ſoever.

Truth ſhall never be out of Seaſon with me, nor the higheſt Station of any Man protect his Character, from my giving the World every Article, in which I think the publick Good makes it neceſſary to tell the Truth.

This Introduction I thought more needful than ordinary at this Time; that being to ſpeak to the Advantage of ſome People in Power; neither they nor other Men may charge me with the meaneſs of Flattery, a Baſeneſs ſo rank, ſo fulſome, ſo deſpicable, and ſo much below a wiſe Man, that 'tis equally ſcorn'd by all them whoſe Characters have any real Merit to ſupport a thing embrac'd by none but Men that want Foundation for their good Names; none but Fools offer it, none but Knaves accept it.

The Men of Fame, then of this Age, and to whoſe Characters this Paper ſhall bear Teſtimony, are not at all oblig'd to

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me, but to their own Merit——While I raise Encomiums on their Conduct, I only pay a just Debt to Truth———and let the World know, that true Merit will force Acknowledgments; the World must commend those Men that serve them faithfully: Naturall Duty exacts the Praise of doing well, and they are not at all beholding to the Confessions, Men make of their Performance.

Thus from a Station too low to fear, and past Hope of rising; I do Justice to the real Merit and Conduct of the present Managers of *England*'s Glory, without the least Thought of Reward or indeed of Desert; and contemning the Vanity of absurd Flatteries, as a Dirt too nautious for me to meddle with.

I have given the World some Hints of a certain Gentleman, that would not sign a County Address from *Hertfordshire*; but the Story being something dark to those, that have not heard it out; I think, it would seem something imperfect without representing it whole to the World, as follows.

The Gentlemen of *Hertfordshire* being met to make their Congratulations to her Majesty, on Account of the late glorious Successes of her Arms: a very hearty and loyal Address in the following Form was drawn up, and offer'd at the Meeting to be sign'd, in order to its being carry'd up to the *Queen*.

To the Queen's *most excellent Majesty.*

The Humble Address of the Lord Lieutenant *Custos Rotolorum*, Deputy Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace for the County of *Hertford*, upon the Battle of *Ramellies.*

May it please your Majesty,

WE beg leave in the humblest Manner to assure your Majesty, that our Hearts are filled with unexpressible Joy; that God Almighty hath blessed your Majesty's Armies, and those of your Allies with such a glorious and unparralled Victory over the common Enemy of the Peace, and Tranquility of Europe; *and we would not loose any time in joyning with all true* English-men, *to congratulate your Majesty on this most happy Occasion.*

We can't, Madam, but admire at your great Wisdom in choosing such a General, who by his Conduct and Courage abroad, and such Ministers who by those prudent Advice and Counsels at home, have shewed that they can never be in any other Interest, but that of your Majesty and your People.

When it came to a certain Gentleman to set his Hand to it, he stood up and made a Speech to the rest, express'd his Willingness to congratulate the QUEEN, and to express his Joy at the Victories and Successes of the Allies; but he did not approve of making Addresses to the Subjects, who had but done their Duty, or to that Effect; and concluded, that he would sign that Part of the Address, but not that which related to the Duke of *Marlborough*, and offer'd to set his Hand above the last Paragraph.

This is the Proceeding which I am to take notice of——And tho' a certain foul Author, who raves at the expoling these Truths to the World, calls this Paper and the *Observator* Libells upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. I assure him, I should not have entred upon these things to answer him; whose railing Accusation merits nothing but Silence———But it cannot but be needful to let the World see, who are indeed the known Maligners of the Glory of her Majesties faithful Servants, and that have the Brightness of their great Actions.

On this head, therefore I must have the Liberty to speak plain, and let it be a Libel on who it will, I am thoughtless of the Event.

And first; I must acknowledge Mr. *C—r*'s Argument is good, if taken in general; but then it stands as firm against paying any Acknowledgment to the QUEEN, as to the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the Ministry.

Let us therefore examine it to the bottom——The only Subject of real Acknowledgment, and to whom Praise, Thanks, and all the Excesses of Joy should be directed; is God himself the Fountain of Glory, the Lord of Victory, the Author of Prudence, and the Director of Armies——He gives the Race, whether to the swift or the slow;

ſlow; the Battle, whether to the weak or the ſtrong. 'Tis he makes the haughty *French*, that inſulted *Europe*, and over-run the Nations, flye before us; now even when we do not purſue; 'tis he fills our Gazetts with Wonders, and forms the Complication of Circumſtances, which make the World amaz'd, and the Nations look as if they dream'd.

Thus ſpeaking, Kings, Queens, Nations and Governments are all but Agents, Her Majeſty is but the Inſtrument, nay and equally too, even with her Subjects; who every one acting vigorouſly, in their Station, are Tools a-king *Pardon for the Simile*, in the Hands of the great Worker, and Sovereign Director of the War. Nay, and ſuch Tools too, as whenever his Wiſdom ſhall think fit to direct his Power, he can at his Pleaſure lay by, do his Work as effectually by other, meaner or unqualify'd, or entirely without any Inſtruments at all.

If then the Sovereign Agency be primarily recogniz'd, all Praiſe, all Acknowledgment to Inſtruments ſtands upon an equal Foot; and let us next examine, upon what Foot we addreſs the QUEEN; and if I am right, 'tis this one only, *viz.* as her Majeſty is honour'd by the univerſal Lord, as the Inſtrument in his Hand, and which he has ſingled out to do theſe great and wonderful things by, and this is a great Branch of her Majeſty's Glory; a Glory I preſume to ſay, I believe her Majeſty is not aſham'd of, and a Glory which entitles Her Majeſty to the ſincereſt Joy and moſt affectionate Addreſſes of all her Subjects; and upon this Score, I think our Congratulations are moſt juſt; as a ſhewing to the World, how it ſhall be done to thoſe, whom Heaven it ſelf delights to Honour.

If then her Majeſty being honoured with the Agency of Heaven's glorious Deſigns, entitles her to the Congratulations of her Subjects, ſo does it at the ſame time in their degree, entitle her Counſellors, Miniſters, and Generalls, and every one by whoſe Wiſdom, Fidelity, and Prudence her Majeſty is aſſiſted in thoſe great things, to their Share in thoſe Acclamations, and Acknowledgments.

Has her Majeſty been the Inſtrument in the Hand of Providence, to bring to paſs the Wonders of this Day, at which we rejoice and are glad, the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Earls of *Peterborough* and *Galloway*, the Admiralls, Treaſurers, Secretaries, and every one in their Station, have in their degrees been Inſtruments in her Majeſty's Hand, enabling her to bring thoſe great things to paſs——And merit a juſt Share in our Joy, in our Acknowledgments and in our Congratulations.

To ſay, they have done but their Duty, and Merit no Thanks, is a Satyr upon the QUEEN; For no Creature can do more than Duty, in what Station ſoever plac'd.

Have they done their Duty, Gentlemen? thank them then, and give them Praiſe—You would have given your Hands to the hanging them for Traytors, if they had fail'd of their Duty; *nay, and ſome are forward enough to do ſo as it is*; but Praiſe is a Debt of Honour to thoſe, who faithfully diſcharge the Truſt and Duty of their Employment.

Theſe are the Men, Heaven and the QUEEN have delighted to honour, and they are an Honour to the QUEEN that employs them; they load her Head with Triumph, her Hands with Strength, and are a Glory to her Reign, as well as a Teſtimony to her Wiſdom in chooſing them.

'Tis the Honour of a Prince to have faithful Servants, great Generals, and wiſe Counſellors; for as a certain known Man of Wit ſaid of Queen *Elizabeth*, there's none but a wiſe Prince has wiſe Counſellors.

Upon the whole, I would have had Mr. *C—r* have ſet his Hand to the Addreſs of *Hertfordſhire*, above the Paragraph acknowledging the Service of the Miniſtry, that the Nonſence, as well as the Spleen of a turn'd out Party, might have been ſhown to the World together.

For has her Majeſty been enabled to gain theſe Victories, has it not been by the faithful Agency of the Miniſtry? Who procur'd the Supplies to be ready in *February*? who has rais'd the Credit to ſuch a Head? as to be able to raiſe what Sums are wanted—WHEN THEY ARE WANTED?

Had your Taxes been ungranted till the middle of *June*; Had your deficient Funds and declining Credit left you uncertain;

Had